

Is Chicago To Become a Suburb of New-York?

Chicago, June 16.—Now that Chicago is being brought nearer New-York by two hour jump, owing to the rivalry of enterprising railway companies, it is time that the Gothamite turned critical eyes on the great city of the West. It is an eighteen hour journey now, a mere overnight trip, a case of afternoon tea in New-York and a comparatively early breakfast in Chicago. Soon it will be sixteen hours, after that a mere night run, every mile of it between twilight and dawn. All this, too, without invoking the aid of electricity, that modern power and speed wonder, but with the sole propelling power of the steam locomotive.

Every record broken in these contests of speed makes Chicago more of a suburb of New-York. Already there are a dozen men who have virtually become commuters. Two or three times a week they make the round trip between Chicago and New-York, and their families in Devel Boulevard or on the Lake Shore Drive or out in Oak Park or Evanston do not miss them more than the Englewood or Poughkeepsie families miss their commuting fathers and brothers.

A thousand times a day, perhaps, the New-Yorker calls up his business brother in Chicago over the long distance telephone, or the Chicago man asks Central to get him this number John or that number Morningside. Indeed, the telephone girls in the two cities know the exchange names of the one almost as well as those of the other. If the New-Yorker doubts, let him call up "Central" and ask for Blue, or Yards, or Graceland. The answer will come back: "I'll give you long distance; that exchange is over in Chicago."

Scores of wires are busy all the wideawake hours between New-York and its new and most Western suburb, carrying commercial and social messages—statistics are not available, but the telegrams of a day need five figures in the counting.

In a score of other ways are the two cities coming together, finding common interests at every turn, binding each other into an undividable union with bonds of various sorts, including ticker tapes and steel rail ribbons.

And what manner of place is this new suburb? "Bad mannered," quickly answers one New-York explorer, who has just seen a gang of striking teamsters make a raid on a "struck" wagon, hauling the teamster "scab" and his police protector to the street, where they hammer their heads with cobblestones.

"A city sprawled here, there and everywhere, writhing like a prehistoric creature in mortal pain" characterizes another.

"A heaven on earth" cries still a third New-Yorker—this one an "auto" mania, who has been fined twice for speeding on Riverside Drive and faces a jail sentence for a third offense. "It has three hundred miles of the finest kind of speed road, and the 'coops' are too busy with strikes to remember that there is a speed limit set down in the statute books."

"A place to make money, but not to spend it," observes a Gothamite of the sage type with truth.

"The third Mecca of the United States of America for a laundress," says Sun Lung, winding up his perfectly braided queue, indicating thereby that Chicago is only exceeded in dirt, soot and smut by Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

"It ain't got no subway and it ain't got no Ellypdonne!" boasts the sporting New-Yorker, "and it ain't got no racetrack since they began to enforce the law. Huh! Little old New-York for me!"

So one might go through an endless list, for New-York and Chicago are as different as Northampton, Mass., and Snohomish, Wash.

There is a hustle about Chicago all the time that only once seen in New-York in crowds rushing to a fire and the daily evening spectacle of half a million hungry Brooklynites trying to board the bridge cars at the same time. The

Afternoon Tea in Gotham and Breakfast in the Windy City an Accomplished Fact.

Chicago man is just naturally in a hurry, whether he has anything to do or not. He will rush down State-st. as though a million "little black men" were chasing him. Perhaps he will bump into somebody with a Deal (they spell Deal with a big D in Chicago), and make a million. Even the women fear about the streets from store to store, always haunted by the fear that they will overlook some bargain and fall to save 990 cents.

Even in writing this, one discovers that he has caught the Chicago spirit. In the foregoing paragraph one will find million creeping in twice where it does not belong, and who ever heard of a woman saving 999 cents on a single bargain. Yet that's the way they put it in Chicago.

"Ciphers are cheap, but them on" seems to be the watchword. If a man draws a salary of \$1,000 a year he will confess to \$10,000 without turning an eyelash. It works out all right, too, for he is consistent. His \$20 flat costs him \$200. His cook gets \$100 a month. His wife's dresses cost him \$500 a year. He saves \$5,000—all that out of less than \$100 a month, and the joy of it all, is that he does not know he is exaggerating.

Another illustration in point is the way the Chicago newspapers told about the Westbound trip of the Pennsylvania Special last Sunday. The fastest mile made on the run was covered in forty-four seconds, and it was plenty fast enough for those on the train, including, of course, The Tribune correspondent. It was not fast enough, however, for Chicagoans, and by the time the record had rolled through the presses it appeared that the train had made a mile in 28.3 seconds—one should not overlook the touch of accuracy which is given by the fraction 3-5.

There is a speed limit of eight miles an hour in Chicago for automobiles, yet the average machine—and there are thousands of them—run like streaks of greased lightning. Twice within a year—the last accident being within a week—big touring cars have run into the Chicago River because they were going so fast that the drivers could not stop for a little thing like an open drawbridge. Yet the courts are not overburdened with the cases of speeding automobilists, and an arrest for such a cause would be looked upon in the light of persecution.

Speaking of automobiles, Chicago has worked out a revised edition of the skunk joke.

Two of the odorous little animals are at the roadside when a gasoline car speeds by. "Sniff! Sniff! Sniff!"

"Let's go and get some," they cry in chorus. The New-Yorker of the same class sniffs only in the remark of the skunks. There is the same gasoline car and the same sniff! sniff! sniff! But the New-Yorker sniffs ask:

"What's the use of living?"

There one has a striking example of the difference, in spirit, between sprawling Chicago and the "light little isle" of Manhattan. When Chicago finds something better than she has she "goes and gets some," New-York, self-satisfied and all-wise, with its sun and moon rising in Brooklyn and setting in Jersey City, lies back and asks, "What's the use?"

There is one Chicago joke that has been current among members of municipal ownership and thirteen children fame, took office, but which must soon be relegated to the bearded class. It runs:

"What is the difference between the Mayor and the new postoffice?"

"The Mayor is Dunne and the postoffice is not."

They are moving into the postoffice building now, and in a month or two it will be open for business.

An Englishman who recently visited Chicago declared that the postoffice was the only ancient building Chicago had. It has been more than a decade in building. Remembering, however, his own Hall of Records and Public Library, the New-Yorker is silent.

Visitors who have not been here since the World's Fair always declaim on what a shame it was that the beautiful buildings were sold to a wrecking company for a song and destroyed. Then, perhaps, they are taken on an automobile trip through Jackson Park and come across the Field Museum of Art, the only large building of the Columbian group which was permitted

to remain. One glance, and all sorrow over the destroyed buildings fades.

The museum looks to-day like a ruin of Pompeii. It is scaling away like a creature with some horrible disease. The plaster figures of beautiful maids of Greece or somewhere are crumbling in a most fantastic fashion. Most of them are just half women, some being missing from the waist down, others without head or bust. There may be beautiful works of art within, for out of the ugly cocoon the beautiful butterfly comes, but the exterior would be eminently fitting to house a chamber of horrors.

On the lake front there is a statue that attracts New-York visitors. It is of a general mounted on a charger. In one hand he holds aloft a flag instead of the conventional sword. "Who is the man?" asked a born Chicago girl, who had passed the statue a thousand times and more, but never thought to ask before.

"That's John A. Logan," said her escort, a New-Yorker.

"Who's Logan?" she demanded.

And she lives within the shadow of the "Un-



BARON GUSTAVE TOSTI.
Italian Consul General who is to leave New-York soon for Boston.

iversity of Chicago founded by John D. Rockefeller. By the way all Chicago refers to this great institution as "the midway school."

One expects odd things from Chicago, but the color schemes of some of the vehicles, especially the official vehicles one sees on the streets, are almost beyond belief. Imagine riding to prison or from the police station, to court in a giddy purple patrol wagon, running on red wheels. A circus chariot was never more brilliant. The wagon in which the postman rides—Chicago is so scattered that postmen have to ride—is painted lavender. The city sprinkling cars are milk white, decorated with blue stripes where the hoops go around the tank, and lettered in gold. Glady green elevated trains go rumbling in zigzag courses through the downtown district and even the coal wagons are painted as red as ever a bunch of cowboys painted a Western town.

Yet there are many things Chicago can teach New-York, strange as the thought may seem. They are "doers" out here in the West, and under all the froth, back of the mask of a certain uncouthness, is its own intimate knowledge of criminal law that has enabled him so often to defeat the ends of justice.

"His latest and most effective swindle has been raising bank drafts. These have been purchased at country banks for small amounts and speedily raised to larger amounts. A \$5 draft would be raised to \$5,000 and a \$10 draft to \$10,000. The gang always took great pains to obtain the confidence of the bank which they intended to swindle."

"His daring is shown by his last escape from officers of the law. This occurred last September, when he escaped from a fast mail train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern between Danville and Southern States. Most of these 'Yeggmen' have their headquarters in New-York and their operations against country banks fill in the time when the Central Office detectives make New-York too warm for their comfort."

The detectives of the association recently got the trail of a band which had robbed two banks in this State and sixteen in the South, some of which were members of the association. Incidentally they were concerned in twenty postoffice burglaries, but the government was to send out a "key cat," "batiduro" or "locator," who acted as advance agent of the burglar troupe. The "Yeggs" followed with nitro-glycerine, blowing off safe doors and getting away with currency, silver, gold and stamps, but paying no attention to notes, bonds or securities.

The First National Bank of Champlain, N. Y., the Briscoe and Tupper Bank of Churchill, and postoffice at Harrison and Tannerville were the sufferers in this State, the receipts being some \$120.

The detectives disguised themselves as "Yeggmen" and went into the Bowery, where they looted around remote day after day, picking up stray bits of information from this "Yegg" and that which finally enabled them to locate the band who had returned to New-York to "blow in" the results of their trip. There was an arrest on last New Year's Day, the prisoners being Casey, the "key cat" of the gang, "Gus" De Ford, alias "Kentucky Yellow," alias "Bugsy," the powder man, and "Hamson" Jack Kennedy, not long out of prison, the "set-up" or strong man of the outfit, whose duty it was to intimidate intruders while the safes were being blown up.

De Ford is wanted for a number of attacks on members of the Bankers' Association, and the protection committee is particularly elated over his capture. He looks like a prosperous young business man, having anything but the appearance of a safe cracker. When arrested he was well dressed and loaded down with diamonds. The police can always recognize him from a scar which resulted

wonderful city. It is well worth travelling 900 miles to see. Like the Japanese, they are taking the best of municipal life where they find it. They think nothing of sending to Glasgow for advice when the city thinks of running its own street cars. They come to New-York for the amusement pattern, copy one of its Coney Island resorts and leave out the objectionable features. And while many of the best of them are seeking wider fields in New-York, there are thousands left who will make it necessary always to keep an eye on Chicago.

BARON GUSTAVE TOSTI.

Italian Representative at This Port
Going to Boston.

Baron Gustave Tosti, who has been in charge of the consulate general of Italy for New-York during the period of nearly two years and who in a few days leaves this city after a residence here of nearly a decade, to assume the direction of Italy's consular interests at Boston and throughout New-England, has taken an active part in the movement for the Americanization of Italian immigrants by distributing them in the agricultural districts of the Southern and Western States, and transforming them into landowners in lieu of permitting them, not merely to congregate, but also to segregate in New-York and other Eastern cities.

Indeed, no one has more strongly and enthusiastically supported the policy of the present Italian Ambassador at Washington, Baron Mayor des Planches, than M. de Tosti, who in his articles in "The North American Review" and other publications, American and Italian, as well as in his public speeches, has invariably advocated, to use his own words, "the gradual and natural disintegration of the so-called alien Italian colonies—of the blending of their members with the communities in which they have established their new home."

Over and over again has he advocated, in print and from the platform, the evil of the overcrowding of Italian immigrants in the cities and discussed the most efficacious means of favoring their distribution in the agricultural districts, the advantages of which are apparent when it is borne in mind that the greater part of the Italian immigrants who land on these shores hail from the rural districts of King Victor Emmanuel's dominions, and are accustomed to no other labor than that of an agricultural character.

The baron is a member of one of the oldest families of the Neapolitan aristocracy, that owns among other dignities that of Count della Guardia, being descended from the general of that name, who took part in the battle of Benevento under King Manfred. Graduated with the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Naples, he entered the service of the Department of Foreign Affairs at Rome, and served in turn as vice-consul and consul at Tripoli, Tunis, Marseilles and Cairo before coming to New-York. For the seven or eight years that he has been stationed here he has devoted his leisure to the study of medicine, taken a degree of doctor of medicine in 1901 from the Long Island College Hospital and passed the New-York State examination, but has not availed himself of the privilege conferred thereby to practise medicine, contenting himself with psychological researches. He is a member of the New-York Neurological Society and of the founders of the Dante Society of America, which has for its object the study of the Italian language and literature in this country, along the lines of the work of the Alliance Française. The baron, who belongs to the Calumet and other New-York clubs, married the daughter of a German diplomat who for a number of years was the Kaiser's representative at Athens, and is the younger daughter of the late Prince Cantacuzene of Bucharest, as well as a niece of Prince Mavrocordato, the Greek envoy at Constantinople.

OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE.

Yielding to the pressure, Galileo had recanted. "But the world does move," he added doggedly. "I'll prove it to you some day."

Waiting until May 1, he pointed triumphantly to the vane.—(Chicago Tribune.)

Foreign Resorts.
Scheveningen
(HOLLAND.)
9 HOURS FROM LONDON OR PARIS.
Coe's Most-Fashionable Seaside Resort on the North-Sea.

Bad-Nauheim
The Kaiserhof
Leading and Largest First-Class Hotel.
Residence of English and American Aristocracy.
A. KOEHLER, Manager.
FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOUSE.
Renovated 1905 with every Modern Comfort. Suites and rooms with private bath, 150 rooms, lift, electric light, steam heat, large marble hall, unique position, right opposite Spa and bathing establishments, English and American clientele.

European Advertisements.
LONDON SHOPS.
NEW & EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS
IN SILKS FOR 1905.
MARSHALL & SNELBOVE, LTD.

LACES, RIBBONS, HOSIERY, FLOWERS, AND DRESS MATERIALS.
VERE STREET & OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.
(Established 1822.)
GENERAL DRAPERS
Silks, Dresses, Mantles, Costumes, Gloves, Laces, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear & Hosiery, Men's & Boys' Clothing, Hats, Boots, etc. Moderate Prices.

Jas. Shoobred & Co.,
151 to 162, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

PARIS SHOPS.
Location d'Automobile.
Garage Bob Walter,
93, GRAND ARMEE, PARIS.

Foreign Resorts.
LONDON HOTELS.

SAVOY HOTEL, LONDON
HOTEL DE LUXE OF THE WORLD
The rooms are bright, fresh and airy, and delightfully quiet. Bathroom to every suite.
SAVOY RESTAURANT.
The most famous Restaurant in Europe. The Orchestra, plays during Dinner and the Opera Supper.

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL,
The Centre of Fashionable London
"The Last Word" of Modern Hotel Luxury. Charming suites with private entrance, bathroom, etc. Over 300 rooms. Nearly 100 bathrooms.
A magnificent Royal Suite.

THE CARLTON
Hotel, Restaurant, and Grill Room, LONDON.

FRANCE, BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.
Grand Hotel
PARIS
BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES AND PLACE DE L'OPERA. 1,000 ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS. TARIFF ON APPLICATION.

WALNUTS IN WASHINGTON STATE.

Ten prominent farmers of the Wenatchee Valley have decided to conduct a series of experiments in the cultivation of English walnuts. They have secured sufficient seed to plant forty-five acres. One man proposes to devote twenty acres to nut trees. The promoters hope to demonstrate that the soil and climatic conditions of that section are adapted to successful nut culture. The market is at their doors, and success is assured when the crops are harvested. The new industry promises a profitable investment, and will add much to advertising the country as a desirable location for diversified tree culture. Walnut growing is comparatively new to the orchardists of this State. It is not in the experimental stage. One farm in Chelan County has produced excellent nuts. The trees were grown from seed, and began bearing nuts when five years old. Last season they gave better profits than any fruits in that section. Similar results have been attained in Clarke County and other localities in the Puget Sound region. The only reason why home grown nuts have not been placed on the general market is that no large areas have been planted. Now that Washington has made a beginning, it remains for other districts to follow.

The use of nuts as food is increasing every year throughout the United States. Physicians recommend a nut diet in many instances as a meat substitute. Scientists claim that much of the sickness of the people originates in the use of improper food, that can be remedied by eating more nuts. To supply the increasing demand our country must import large quantities of nuts from foreign lands every year. The money sent to South America and other places for these necessities could be used at home in building up the farms and beautifying the residences if the farmers produced the nuts. Here, then, is one of the opportunities.—(Seattle Post-Intelligencer.)

OCCUPATIONS OF THE FUTURE.

Three millionaires, as they walked the boardwalk of Atlantic City, talked of the businesses of the future. "It is in the new things, always in the new things," said the first, "that the poor young men will find their chance. The old things always are monopolized. It was in my day. It will be so in my grandson's day."

Foreign Resorts.
THE BEST HOTELS ARE:
PALACE HOTEL. HOTEL KURHAUS.
HOTEL D'ORANGE. HOTEL GARNI.
SAVOY HOTEL. HOTEL RAUCH.

FRANCE, BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.
PARIS (Favorite American House)
Hotel Chatham.
18, RUE SCRIBE.
OPPOSITE THE GRAND OPERA.
The Modern Hotel of Paris.
E. ARMBRUSTER, Manager.

PARIS
HOTEL DE LILLE ET d'ALBION.
22, Rue St. Honoré, close to Place Vendôme. First class. All modern improvements. Every home comfort. Large hall. Restaurant, luncheon and dinner at fixed prices or à la carte. Telephone: LILLABRON, PARIS. Henri Abadie, Proprietor.

Hotel du Palais
Paris, 28, Cour de la Reine. Heated throughout; rooms from 4 frs.; with board 10 frs.

Aix-Les-Bains.
GRAND HOTEL D'AIX

AIX-LES-BAINS ROBERT TRAMU, Manager.
Louvre & Savoy Hotel.
Electric Light. Facing Casino Park.

Ostend-Hotels
On Sea Front.
THE "CONTINENTAL" 400 BEDS.
"SPLENDID" 400 BEDS.
KURSAAL & BEAU SITE, 150 BEDS.
ARRANGEMENTS: DINING ROOM & MEALS, 35 AND 45 PER DAY.
ACCORDING TO LOCATION OF ROOMS.
AUG. DECLERCK, Proprietor.

HOTELS IN GERMANY.

AIX-LA-CHAPPELLE
Nuellsen Hotel

BADEN-BADEN Adjoining The
HOTEL MESSMER Curhaas.

FRANKFURT The Leading Hotel,
FRANKFURTER HOF 50 New Private Bathrooms.

MUNICH Finest Situation, New
Continental Hotel Hall & Auto-Garage.

MUNICH Hotel de Lutz
WURTEMBERGER-HOF

WILDUNGEN-BAD
UP TO DATE. THE QUISISANA
FAVORITE HOTEL OF AMERICANS.

HOTEL DE RUSSIE,
Newest & Most
Elegant in
Munich.

AUSTRIA, HUNGARY & SWITZERLAND

(AUSTRIA) The Finest Hotel
in Austria.
VIENNA
HOTEL BRISTOL

Located on the Fashionable Karntnering,
and the favorite resort of Americans. Perfect French Cuisine and choice wines.

BUDAPEST
GD' HOTEL HUNGARIA

First-Class Hotel with Panoramic View over the Danube. Every modern comfort. Exclusive American & English patronage. CHARLES J. BURGER, Manager, formerly of Imperial Hotel, Vienna.

FRANZESBAD High Class.
Motor Garage.
Hotel Kopp-Königsvilla.

GENEVA
HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE

Finest Position on the Lake, facing Mont Blanc. Beautiful Terrace, Concerts in Summer. Public and private baths. Lift. Electric light all over. Steam heating. Every modern comfort. Managed by Proprietors. MAYER & KUNZ.

INTERLAKEN. Elevated Position. Airy & Quiet.
RUBEN-HOTEL JUNGFRUAUBIC
DELIGHTFUL VIEWS OVER GLACIERS AND LAKES. J. OESCH-MULLER, Proprietor & Manager.

AUSANNE
Grand Hotel

LTD. CO., HOTELS BEAU SITE, & RICHE-MONT.
THE MODERN HOTELS OF LAUSANNE.
SUPER VIEWS OF LAKE AND MOUNTAINS.
BEST AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PATRONAGE.

MARIENBAD.
HOTEL WEIMAR.

ZURICH (OPEN THE YEAR ROUND)
The Baur au Lac.

ITALY AND SOUTH OF FRANCE.

GENOVA. IN BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE PARK.
"EDEN PALACE."

Three Thousand Years in Prison.

Total of Sentences for Criminals Prosecuted by the American Banking Association.

In that time 207 forgers, 206 bank burglars and 18 members—all members in good and regular standing of the bank working fraternity—have been convicted. In three cases the sentence was death and the criminals were duly executed. The total sentences of these convictions amount to more than three thousand years.

This feat is shown in the way in which bank robbers distribute their attention. From September 1, 1903, until February 1, 1904, a total of seventy-four banks were attacked, of which sixty were not members of the American Bankers' Association. The loss from these attacks to non-members was \$75,633.82, and the loss to members \$11,771.61. From September 1, 1904, to February of this year there were fifty-two attacks, of which thirty-nine were on non-members, and the difference in loss in favor of the members was \$2,815.

Bank robbers are still active in all parts of the country, as is shown by the monthly reports of the protective committee. Forgery is growing less common as the skill of bankers in detecting forged banknotes increases. In the month of March, however, the following burglaries, all upon non-members, were committed:

March 1—First State Bank, Clarksville, Ind., \$500.00
March 8—W. B. Dwyer's Bank, Florida, Ga., 4,000.00
March 10—Bank of Kentucky, Louisville, Ky., 300.00
March 17—Hart & Groves, Maple Rapids, Mich., 32.50
March 18—Bank of Benbow, Benbow, Okla., 2,700.00
March 12—Genoa Banking Company, Genoa, Ohio, 2,000.00
March 15—Bank of Benbow, Benbow, Ky., 2,200.00
March 15—Bank of Petersburg, Petersburg, Tenn., 2,200.00
March 26—Anson State Bank, Anson, Kan., 1,000.00

Total \$21,922.50

In no case was the loss particularly heavy, but the actual money secured is not the entire loss a bank suffers from burglary. There is no end of people who deposit their wealth in banks because they are impressed by the apparent strength of the safe. Let them see that burglars, with a stick of dynamite, or by working the combination, can enter the safe at will, and their confidence in that particular bank, if not in all banks, is gone forever. They will hide their money, or bury it about their farms.

"Whom do you consider the most dangerous bank operator at large to-day?" Mr. Branch was asked the other day by a Tribune reporter.

There is little doubt in my mind that Alonzo J. Whitman, the principal member of the Knox-Whitman gang of draft raisers, forgers and bank robbers, deserves the title. He is the prime mover in swindles committed by this band, which in a short time netted over \$300,000. He is now out on bail on the charge of swindling the Fidelity Trust Company, of Buffalo, out of \$3,500 on a draft for \$500 on the Leather Manufacturers' Bank, of this city, which draft had been raised from \$5.

Whitman's criminal career has been most remarkable. Twenty-three times he has been arrested on charges of felony. Seventeen times he has been indicted. In four cases conviction has been secured and he has been sentenced to an aggregate of seventeen years in prison. Yet, with all this, he

has served only one year, so clever are his methods. He has been more severely punished by lying in jail awaiting trial or appeal, for the time thus spent aggravates his case.

"His fate was at one time a banker at Danville, N. Y. He graduated from Hamilton College, near Utica, with high honors, and took up the study of law. He had a successful career in the West and at one time served a satisfactory term as Mayor of Duluth. While he always employs clever lawyers, it is his own intimate knowledge of criminal law that has enabled him so often to defeat the ends of justice."

"His latest and most effective swindle has been raising bank drafts. These have been purchased at country banks for small amounts and speedily raised to larger amounts. A \$5 draft would be raised to \$5,000 and a \$10 draft to \$10,000. The gang always took great pains to obtain the confidence of the bank which they intended to swindle."

"His daring is shown by his last escape from officers of the law. This occurred last September, when he escaped from a fast mail train on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern between Danville and Southern States. Most of these 'Yeggmen' have their headquarters in New-York and their operations against country banks fill in the time when the Central Office detectives make New-York too warm for their comfort."

The detectives of the association recently got the trail of a band which had robbed two banks in this State and sixteen in the South, some of which were members of the association. Incidentally they were concerned in twenty postoffice burglaries, but the government was to send out a "key cat," "batiduro" or "locator," who acted as advance agent of the burglar troupe. The "Yeggs" followed with nitro-glycerine, blowing off safe doors and getting away with currency, silver, gold and stamps, but paying no attention to notes, bonds or securities.

The First National Bank of Champlain, N. Y., the Briscoe and Tupper Bank of Churchill, and postoffice at Harrison and Tannerville were the sufferers in this State, the receipts being some \$120.

The detectives disguised themselves as "Yeggmen" and went into the Bowery, where they looted around remote day after day, picking up stray bits of information from this "Yegg" and that which finally enabled them to locate the band who had returned to New-York to "blow in" the results of their trip. There was an arrest on last New Year's Day, the prisoners being Casey, the "key cat" of the gang, "Gus" De Ford, alias "Kentucky Yellow," alias "Bugsy," the powder man, and "Hamson" Jack Kennedy, not long out of prison, the "set-up" or strong man of the outfit, whose duty it was to intimidate intruders while the safes were being blown up.

De Ford is wanted for a number of attacks on members of the Bankers' Association, and the protection committee is particularly elated over his capture. He looks like a prosperous young business man, having anything but the appearance of a safe cracker. When arrested he was well dressed and loaded down with diamonds. The police can always recognize him from a scar which resulted

from a wound inflicted by a "pal" in a fight in a rooming house, fifteen miles in the country from Richmond, Va.

Every few weeks some professional bank sneak evades a new detection game and gets the association's detectives on his trail. A New-Yorker, "Red" Dugan, recently obtained \$500 from the National Bank of Boston. A confederate of the People's National Bank, a clergyman, accompanied Dugan to the bank.

After introducing himself the "fake" rector said to the paying teller:

"This gentleman is a member of my parish, in good standing, and can vouch for him in every way, and